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finds never a relic, but only the worn stones, to kiss. The least striking among the monuments of Canterbury Cathedral now is that which preserves the name of him who once was known all over Europe, and, according to Romish chroniclers, even in the Holy Land; — for the popular legend will have it that the murderers of Becket expiated their crime in penance at Jerusalem, and built there an altar to the saint.

Mr. Stanley has added to his essays several interesting documents, illustrating the history of Canterbury, and has faithfully compared the very numerous and conflicting authorities upon the murder of Becket. He makes no parade of learning, but proves that he has examined the original sources as carefully as Gough or Professor Willis. His estimate of the character of Becket is candid and impartial, and his *reflections* are full of good sense. The errors of the Romish Lives of St. Thomas of Canterbury are pointed out, but not harshly. One statement has to our ears a novel sound, that a large lie in America is called "a Canterbury." We have been less fortunate than "the intelligent American clergyman," who mentioned that to Mr. Stanley as a common Yankee expression.

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8. — *Corsica, Picturesque, Historical, and Social: with a Sketch of the Early Life of Napoleon, and an Account of the Bonaparte, Paoli, Pozzo di Borgo, and other Principal Families, suggested by a Tour in the Island in 1852.* Translated from the German of FERDINAND GREGOROVIVS, by EDWARD JOY MORRIS. Philadelphia: Parry and M'Millan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 522.

WE are glad that a book which was so emphatically praised in the Westminster Review of last July has so quickly found a translator, and one so competent. The style in which Mr. Morris has done this work leads us to hope well for the original work on Naples which he is now preparing. With the exception of a few awkward renderings in the Historical Sketch, the English of this volume is as idiomatic as if it had been originally written in that tongue.

Who is Gregorovius? The name has not a German sound, and, if a fictitious name, does not sound particularly sweet. Whatever his name, the man who wrote this book has established an enviable reputation. It is a finished book, leaving nothing to be said about its subject, and saying nothing that ought not to be said. Its arrangement is

philosophical ;— first, a concise historical sketch, and then the personal adventures, discoveries, and reflections of the author. The background is finished before the colors are laid on.

The observations of this writer in Corsica are wonderfully various, reminding one constantly of the many-sided Goethe. Nothing seems to escape him. Every important town of the island, on the coast or in the hills, — every region, from the tropical heats of the southern plains to the eternal snows of the central mountains, from the fertile ridges of Cape Corso to the chalk cliffs of Bonifacio, — the haunts of noted robbers, and the homes of famous men, — the tower of Seneca, the retreat of Pascal Paoli, the birthplace of Napoleon, — the scenes of tragic catastrophes, and the quiet village life, — the geology, botany, industry, commerce, traditional customs, patriotism, and poetry, — all come into the undulating play of the author's emotions and thoughts, while over all is thrown the ever-present and terrible shadow of the "Vendetta," which no change of time can banish from the Corsican land. Charming digressions beguile us along the way, and surround, before we know it, this rough and neglected island with the richest classic and romantic associations. At the beginning of the book, we marvel that so dull a country should have been chosen for a summer tour ; at the end, we have vowed that no visit of ours to Europe shall leave out this most interesting excursion. Pascal Paoli has become one of our heroes, and we shall join Corsica henceforward to the thought of his stern and noble virtue, much more than to the name of that great conqueror who so ungratefully forgot the humble home of his childhood.

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9. — *The Mayflower, and Miscellaneous Writings.* By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 471.

A LARGE amount of high intellectual ability must needs go almost unrecognized, or pass into speedy oblivion, because employed in contributions to periodical literature, which is impersonal to such a degree as by no means to confer the character it possesses. Though we recollected many of the pieces in this book, and they had made us think the better of the magazines in which they originally appeared, they yet had not separately produced upon us the impression which together they now make with regard to their writer. As we read them in their collective form, we perceive that her world-famous tale was not the